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A TIPPERARY POET.
A ROUND OF RHYMES.

(By DENIS A. MCCARTHY.)

THIS book, which is published by the Boston Review Publishing Company, contains some of the best poetry of our time. It has not—does not aim at—profundity of thought, or sublimity of imagination, or any of the qualities of great poetry; but the sentiment of it is true and tender, the melody is exquisite, the language ever elegant, graceful, and appropriate. Mr. MCCARTHY's themes are mainly love and native land, and in the last is his best work. He was born in the Golden Vale in Tipperary. While still a child he went to America, but, like all Irish exiles, in his heart bore his country with him across the sea. His native Ormonde, its streams and dells, and especially its noble and nobly solitary mountain, Slievenaman, are touchingly remembered in some of his songs.

But our exiles must do better yet before they beat the Highland Scotchman's beautiful verse inspired by the same motive—the keen desiderium of the exile:

"My heart's in the Highlands.

It is not here;

My heart's in the Highlands

Chasing the deer—

Chasing the wild deer

And following the roe—

My heart's in the Highlands

Wherever I go.

The sentiment, indeed, is not much, but note how the verse sings itself, how it is a true song, and, therefore it haunts and will haunt the souls of all who are susceptible to the magical properties of measured words.

The verses which here follow are, we think, good examples of Mr. MCCARTHY's genius in two of its most characteristic qualities, tender sentiment and lyrical grace and freedom:—

And this is home thus pictured in my dreams,

This hill is Slievenaman,
And this, the Suir, the queen of all the streams

The sunlight plays upon.

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring-time of the year,

When the hawthorn is whiter than the snow,

When the feathered folk assemble,
And the air is all a-tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro:

When queenly Slievenamon
Puts her verdant vesture on
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring,

And the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the Spring!

We shall presume to hint a fault in this fine verse, and hesitate a small dislike. We think the sentiment suggested by Slievenaman and indeed by all great mountains, is masculine rather than feminine, and that "kingly" would be a better epithet than "queenly." Also that verdant is an essentially bad word because a useless. It only differs from green in sound, not in meaning, and by being a syllable longer. Green,

has its roots in the very depths of the language; verdant is an exotic and seems to belong to the flamboyant vocabulary of the hedge schoolmaster.

GAELIC.

Not long since in one of the villages of our County a popular landlord was welcomed home with a display of bunting which, bore in Gaelic characters the Irish equivalent of, "one hundred thousand welcomes"; but the spelling was barbarous, though as we understand, that spelling was the result of the united wisdom of the countryside, met in long and earnest conference. Such ignorance would not have been possible thirty years ago, and, we think is not possible now, when in every district in the country there are at least a few intelligent lads who are studying the ancient tongue through the medium of primers, and who have already mastered the rudiments.

The phrase to which we refer is—

Céu mite fáite.

words which may be pronounced as if written:—

Kaed Meelia Faw-il Tcheh.

i.e., "A Hundred Thousand Welcomes."

Those who know nothing of the language will be surprised, and disheartened too, to find the pronunciation of the Gaelic words so evidently out of touch with the seming power of the letters. They will at once rush to the conclusion that however it may be with the grammar and construction, the spoken language is a great deal too difficult to be mastered by anyone who has not a great deal of time, energy, and enthusiasm. This is not the fact, but the reverse of the fact.

The pronunciation of Gaelic is easy, for it follows known rules to which there are hardly any exceptions.

Take the last of these three words, fáite; the *a* being accented assumes the sound of *aw* in dawn; long and full; and this law is invariable. The long or accented Irish *a*, is always sounded like *aw*, in fawn, or dawn. The *i*, which follows, will be sounded also, but slightly. The *t*, followed as it is by the slender vowel *e*, assumes the sound not of *t*, in English, but as if of, *tch*; and this rule too is invariable. Then the final *e*, is not silent, but sounded like the *e* in chess.

So—fáite, welcomes, in its pronunciation follows the rules accurately, and may be uttered correctly by one who never heard a word of Gaelic spoken.

The student might now exercise himself with the kindred word fáinte health. It will of course be pronounced as if slaw-in-tchew, and not as public and private singers invariably pronounce it when rendering "Father O'Flynn." They always make it slauntha, which is barbarous to the educated ear. Céu mite fáite is a phrase which one may often have occasion to use, and the correct spelling of it, and the correct pronunciation will not we think be unwelcome even to those of our readers who have no intention at all of ever learning the language. It is just a little addition to one's store of knowledge, and knowledge is always a light load for any man to carry.

LOCAL INDUSTRIES.

What follows is from a subscriber in this County.

"I learned to-day the result of sending the box of watercress consigned to salesman I heard of from Mr. B—. I am glad to say that the report is most satisfactory. The box sent fetched 17s. deduct from this:—

	s.	d.
Railway Carriage	...	3 1
Market Expenses	...	0 3
Commission	...	1 6
Total	...	4 10

which leaves the consignor a net profit of 12s. 2d.

This is against 9s. which the same person used to get from her former consignee, and found it pay even at that rate; possibly the market was better, but anyhow, it looks as if she had been fairly treated this time. She has, I believe, sent another consignment to the same person, his name is, William Holmes, Saleman, Smithfield Market, Birmingham."

Here then, growing everywhere, over this humid, and stream-abounding land, is a naturally produced vegetable, which commands high prices in the great English markets. Comment on the foregoing is unnecessary. We believe there are millions of money per annum going to waste in this island, and all for want of a little, a very little spirit, intelligence, and enterprise.

We intend to keep at this and kindred subjects until our people awake to a sense of their opportunities, and how they are missing them.

THE MAKER.

GOD, the Creator, made Man in His own image; hence the profound, all-compelling instinct in him towards making or creating, perhaps the deepest the strongest and the most enduring of all human passions. The child has it—strong; and the old man busy with his flowers, herbs, bees or poultry has it too—no less strong. The prettiest and most human of all the pictures in ancient literature is that of the aged Laertes in his garden, well gloved in stout leather, and engaged in horticulture, after having expended his force as a warrior. Man is by nature and essentially a maker, and only accidentally a destroyer, or what is worse, a mere consumer.

It is a fact worth recalling in this context that, etymologically the word poet means maker; for the poet is the maker *par excellence*, he who creates or brings into being the most beautiful and enduring of things.

This deep instinct, which for ever prompts man first to form conceptions and purposes in his mind, and then to realize the same to eye, ear, touch, taste, and smell in the phenomenal or sensible world, is one which has fallen strangely asleep, and for a long time, in this island. During the century now closed those who without work on their part enjoyed the means of production consumed the same in mere consumption; those who through their industry made money put it into the thatch or into a stocking, or into a Bank at nothing per cent.

In this as in other respects we look to see great changes in the Ireland of the forthcoming century.